



# FATHER MACSHANE.

Old father Macshane he was holy and fat,  
Sing farallal, &c.  
He sprinkled my forehead, and christened me Pat,  
Sing farallal, &c.  
He said to my parents,—You ugly old pair,  
Arrah ! how could you get such a beautiful heir ?  
With your chi, chi, &c.

Then Father Macshane he took hold of my chin,  
Sing farallal, &c.  
And drank my success in a noggin of gin ;  
Sing farallal, &c.  
Moreover, he prophesied, certain as fate,  
If I lived to be big, I should be mighty great.  
With my chi, chi, &c.

One day, says my mother, (sure I was her joy.)  
Sing farallal, &c.  
My darling, you now are a hobbledy hoy ;  
Sing farallal, &c.  
To make a big fortune, Pat, seek out the way ;  
So at times I made love, and at times I made hay.  
With my chi, chi, &c.

Farewell to young maids, a rich old one appears,  
Sing farallal, &c.  
I must now be in love with a lady in years.  
Sing farallal, &c.  
Though elderly beauty is apt to be tough,  
Let it tender the cash, then it's tender enough.  
For my chi, chi, &c.

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# MAGSHANE FATHER

Old Father Macshane I was born and yet  
 I am a Magshane, I am a Magshane,  
 He said to my mother, and she said to me  
 I am a Magshane, I am a Magshane,  
 He said to my mother, and she said to me  
 I am a Magshane, I am a Magshane,  
 With you old, old, old,  
 With you old, old, old,  
 And drink up courage in a cup of gin;  
 With you old, old, old,  
 Moreover, the prophetic, contain no tale,  
 If I lived to be old, I should be mighty great,  
 With you old, old, old,  
 One day, says my mother, (and I was her joy),  
 With you old, old, old,  
 My darling, you now are a noble boy;  
 With you old, old, old,  
 To make a big fortune, I'll seek out the way;  
 So at times I made love, and at times I made hay,  
 With you old, old, old,  
 Follow to young maiden, a rich old one appears,  
 With you old, old, old,  
 I want now to be in love with a lady in years,  
 With you old, old, old,  
 Though elderly beauty is apt to be tough,  
 Let it tender the cash, then it's tender enough,  
 For my old, old, old,

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